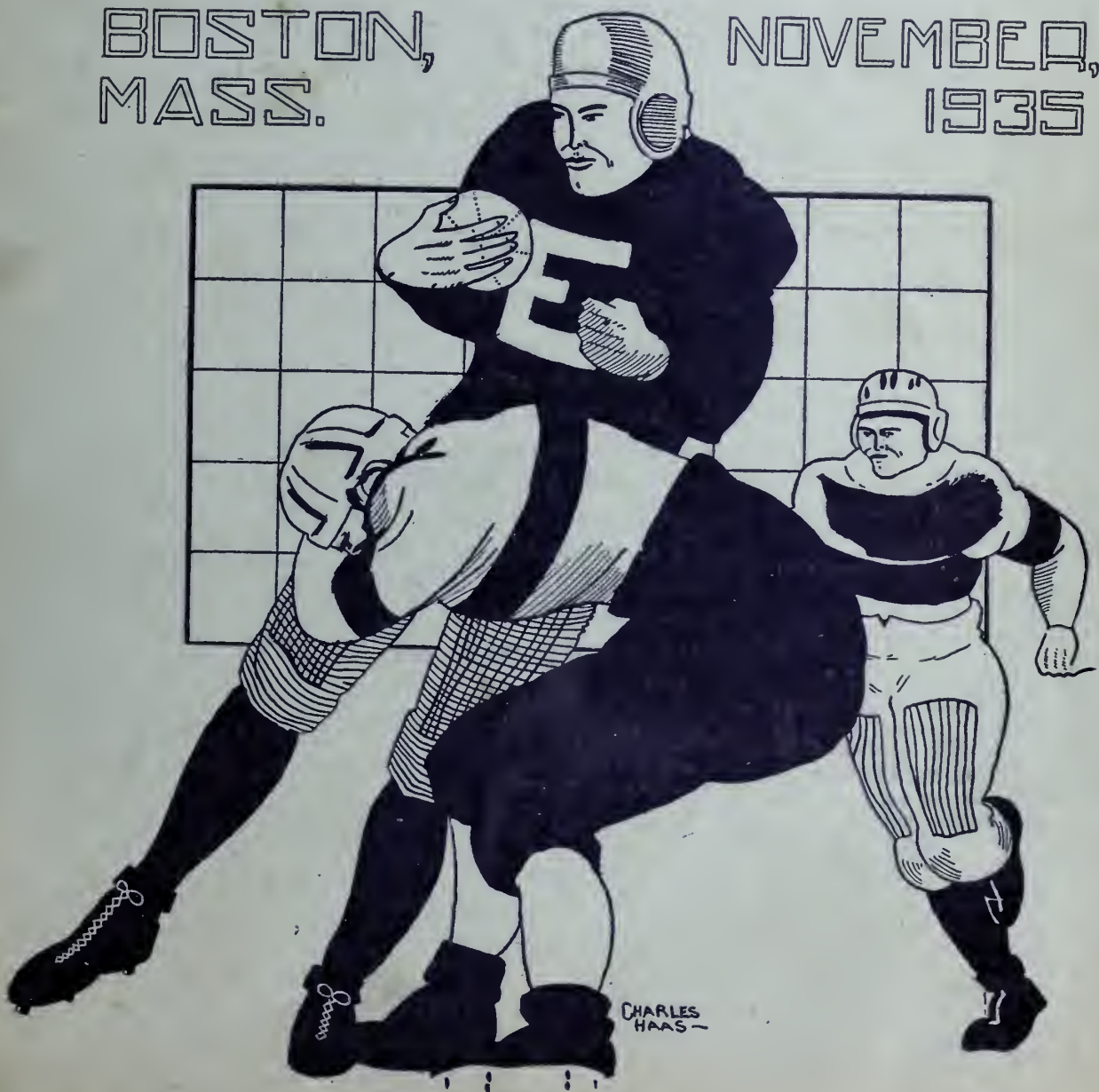


THE
ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL
RECORD

BOSTON,
MASS.

NOVEMBER,
1935



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The English High School Record

Volume LI

No. 1

November, 1935



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In Memoriam



1894 A. Joseph Chisholm 1935

During the summer we were shocked and saddened to learn of the death of Mr. A. Joseph Chisholm of the Romance Language Department of the English High School. His death, as a result of heart failure on July 2, came as a great shock to his many friends.

He was a member of the Arlington Post, American Legion, and an officer during the World War in the Ohio Signal Corps. He graduated from Boston College in 1922 and entered the teaching service here in Boston on September 12 of the same year. He took up his professional duties as a teacher in this school in September of the following year. During the next twelve years he was guide, friend, adviser and teacher to English High School boys.

It is not often that a man earns the respect and confidence of boys as he did. Although he never raised his voice, his classroom was always in perfect order. He was affectionately known as "Joe" among both the boys and teachers. He is survived by his mother and three sisters. In parting salute we raise our hand to Angus Joseph Chisholm, soldier, teacher, friend—an officer and a gentleman.



WELCOME!

The editors of the "Record" join the pupils and teachers of E. H. S. in extending a hearty welcome to Mr. Bobula, Mr. Hanrahan, Mr. Donovan and Mr. Lewis, who are the most recent additions to our faculty. May we offer our sincere wishes for good luck.

Mr. John Bobula of 230b is a graduate of the High School of Commerce. He holds the degree of B. B. A. from Northeastern University School of Business Administration and the degree of M. B. A. from Boston University College of Business Administration. He formerly taught at the High School of Commerce, as well as at our school. Mr. Bobula is a teacher of commercial subjects.

Mr. John Hanrahan of 308 is a graduate of the Boston Latin School and of Boston College, where he was awarded the degree of A. B. After finishing his term at Boston College he attended Teachers' College and graduated with the degree of Ed. M. Before coming to E. H. S., he taught at St. Mary's School in Brookline. Mr. Hanrahan teaches French.

Mr. Daniel Donovan of 153, who teaches history, is a graduate of Boston College: A. B. and A. M. He taught in the Roxbury Memorial High School (Boys), and the High School of Commerce. He has also had a previous period of service at E. H. S.

Mr. Marcus Lewis of 205, also a teacher of French, is an old English High School Grad. After graduating from this school in 1926, he went to Boston College and graduated in '34. Prior to this Mr. Lewis taught in the Jamaica Plain High School and in the Opportunity High School.

NEW PLAN FOR THE 1936 GLEE CLUB

Boys who attended English High School before this year will remember that the English High School Glee Club was one of the finest voluntary after-school activities.

For the new school year, 1935-1936, Mr. Downey, recognizing the importance of voice training for self expression in any well-balanced program of school work, has given the Glee Club a place in the regular, formal curriculum, assigning it to Block 1 on Mondays. Judging from the attendance and enthusiasm thus far shown, a profitable and enjoyable year's work is anticipated. Boys who are interested in vocal music are advised to present themselves to Mr. Francis Burke, well known pianist and conductor. Under his

supervision the Glee Club should "go places." The faculty adviser of this year is Mr. Robert Evans of 255, and the student manager is Francis X. Lyons of 202. Our headmaster is very much interested in this year's Glee Club. It promises to be the beginning of a choral organization that will maintain the high standards of the past and make the students of the English High School proud of the fact that it represents their Alma Mater.

OUR FRIENDS

The Advertisers are our Friends. They should be your friends, too. Subscribers to the Record and all English High School students should take an active interest in the various advertisements printed on our pages. They should realize that it is through the kind co-operation of our friends, the advertisers, that we are able to give to our public so complete a magazine for so small a price.

Anything the reader sees advertised in our pages, from a cadet uniform to a dancing school, is here because the integrity of the firm, the excellence of the product, or the service it supplies makes it worthy to be advertised in the English High School Record.

Our friends, the advertisers, know that by giving us their advertising they are putting it within reach of a large and loyal student body. English High School men know that any firm advertising in their magazine is worthy of their patronage.

Let us reward the confidence which the advertisers have in the business-building power of our magazine. The trade of a sales-wise and satisfied student public will prove to our friends, the advertisers, that an "ad" in the English High School Record is an investment which will pay.

A WORD OF SYMPATHY

The editors of the "RECORD" wish to extend in the name of the faculty and pupils of The English High School an expression of their deepest sympathy to the parents of Clifford Jarvis '37.

As a member of our student body, he was greatly respected not only by the boys who knew him, but by the faculty as well. In character traits, reliability, manner and co-operation he was given the highest rating possible by all teachers with whom he came in contact. He was a member of the school band.

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Personal Remarks

W. D. MAGNUSSON, '36

Many pupils make the mistake of considering the semi-annual personality marks as another bit of unnecessary red tape. This is contrary to the facts of the matter, for these reports represent the composite opinion of all the teachers with whom the pupil comes in contact. On the basis of all of the boy's reports an average is reached for the purpose of the office records. Thus, if a boy has five "B" reports and two "C" reports, his average is a "B."

Naturally enough, it is the practice among employers to look up the past school records of prospective employees. A good personality mark is therefore a positive asset, while a bad one constitutes a definite liability. It is to every pupil's advantage to see to it that he merits good personality marks. A pupil whose general deportment, co-operation and manner are what they should be need not be apprehensive about these reports.

During these depression years unem-

ployment is widespread. Anything that may help the future alumnus to acquire employment is not to be regarded lightly. An employer is not going to consider an applicant with a poor record when he can get another man with a better record for the same salary. An English High School student who allows himself through carelessness and indifference to acquire "D" personality marks does not deserve a position in an efficient business establishment. Moreover, he probably won't get one.

This warning to beware of poor personality marks is addressed principally to those boys who are in this building for the first time. The other boys are old enough to realize the value of good personality records. The upper classmen, by their exemplary conduct, can do much for the younger members of the school, and at the same time benefit themselves by striving to achieve higher personality marks.



Antidote

By JAMES E. POWERS, '36

Our golf club is the Meadow View Golf and Country Club. Three classes of golfers infest the club from March to April. First we have the stars, such as Bishop, Ellis, Nelson and Brown; the second class is composed of players who stick steadily to around 85. The last class is made up of those amiable fellows who hack around the course digging divots, and hold a celebration for the whole club when they break a hundred. Before we continue, I might as well confess that I am a member of this last class.

When our club was founded back in the 90's, golf was looked upon as a lunatic's diversion. It was called "cow pasture pool," and a man had to have plenty of courage to withstand the acrid comments of the people who followed him around. Five or six rusty old clubs and two or three gutta-putcha balls were all that was necessary to start a golfing career. Today a player must have at least eighteen perfectly balanced, shiny new sticks, two dozen balls, and a big leather bag to feel that he is a real golfer.

As golf gained a footing, of course, it was natural that the club expanded, so that now we number about 500 members, of which about half play golf. Of course there are a few misfits, but on the whole we have a fairly decent bunch.

One of the exceptions was Algernon Harris. He got in via the junior membership route. He was only about eighteen years old, with flaming red hair, and a temperament that matched it.

The first time that we had the

doubtful pleasure of Harris company was on a Saturday afternoon. Most of us were just finishing luncheon when Algernon burst in with a happy smile and a slap on the back for everyone. When he slapped old Doc. Allen on the back, the old gentleman almost swallowed his false teeth. And if there is anything Doc hates it is a fresh young man.

Well, to sum it all up, Algy did not get a very cordial reception from our members. When he asked the Pirates for a place in their foursome, he was threading on dangerous ground. Old Jim Davis, who tours the course alone, admiring the scenery, refused to have anything to do with him. By this time Algy's red hair had begun to stand on end. "The next time I play with any of you birds it'll be because you've invited me," he shouted. "Oh, run away, little boy," said Doc.

Algy strode swiftly over to him and put his hand on the old fellow's shoulder. Doc looked at the hand as if it were not clean. "Don't worry, it's as clean as your shirt," said Algy. "In fact," he said, as he leaned over and examined Doc's collar, "it's cleaner. Whenever I play with you it will be because you've asked me twice." And with this doubtful remark he left the clubhouse, slamming the door after him.

Later that afternoon I saw him playing with Bob McIntyre, our club pro. His swing was atrocious, and he was flubbing every shot. He made such a nuisance of himself in the ensuing weeks that he was soon affectionately known as Poison. However, he was out on the course every day and soon

became a real golfer. His swing became a thing of perfection, and his follow-through looked like that of Bobby Jones.

Along about this time, another inflection moved in on poor old Meadow View. Adolphus Wiggins managed to squeeze by the membership committee apparently because he had kept out of jail all of his life, and had enough money to pay the admission fee. They say that every golf club has at least one member who sneaks in while the committee is looking the other way; I think Adolphus was our dark horse. He was a homely looking fellow with the pleasant disposition of a rattlesnake. But, boy, could he play golf? He could go out and beat our best players with one hand tied behind his back. Soon, however, we woke up to the fact that he was a "cup-hunter." A cup-hunter is the lowest type of human being in the world. He will do anything to win a cup. Moreover, Adolphus did not depend on ability alone to win. He carried a rulebook in his hip pocket and upon the slightest infringement of the rules, he would pull it out and claim whatever penalty was attached. Needless to say, he became even more unpopular than Poison Harris.

Our club has one big tournament every year. When our late president, W. O'Malley O'Halloran died, his family put up a big silver cup, to remain in the permanent possession of whatever club had won it three times in succession. We had two legs on it and were determined to take it out of circulation. The tournament is run on a match play basis. Certain players from outside clubs are invited, and they have the same chance as we.

Our biggest worry was Joe McDonough from the Springdale Country

Club. However, we felt sure that Adolphus would beat him and thus retire the cup from competition.

We got a very unpleasant shock when we remembered that Wiggin was sure to win, and that he was just as sure to take the trophy right home to adorn his den. After a long deliberation, I was elected as a committee of one to confer with McIntyre about the situation.

I found the dour old Scotchman in his golf-shop repairing a damaged driver. When I laid the facts before him, not a muscle moved, and his wooden face betrayed no emotion. "You need young Harris," he said in his soft burr.

"Why, he's only a kid," I replied in amazement.

"Ave, but it's fair amazing the way he's picked up the shots," and without another word he turned back to his work.

I left the shop slightly more disheartened and slept on the idea, and in the morning it seemed much better. I found Poison in the caddy-house talking to the boys. When he saw me beckon, he came out and walked up towards the clubhouse.

"Young man," said I, "your club calls you."

"My club, eh?" remarked the redhead with a nasty emphasis, "Any time this club calls me I'm stone deaf."

"Listen to me a minute, Harris. This is the first day of the big tournament and we're up against it. We can't have Adolphus win this cup. We want you to beat him."

"Stop right there!" commanded Poison. "Cups are nothing in my young life, and neither is this club. I hope Wiggins wins the darn thing and carries it home to put on his mantel."

I saw that I would have to try a new

method of approach. "They said that you'd be afraid of Wiggins, but I insisted that no redhead ever got his color scheme mixed."

"You really don't think that I'm afraid of him, do you?" he shouted.

"What else can I think?"

"Well," said Poison, if you look at it in that way—I guess I've got to play, just to prove I'm not yellow." And, with that, he turned around and headed for the locker-room to get his clubs.

The tournament began at 9:30 and at the end of the first round only four were left. In the semi-finals, Joe McDonough was matched against Adolphus, and Poison was to take on Bill Brown, another player from Springvale. Brown was no match for Poison, but he put up a good battle and he was not beaten until the final putt was made on the 18th green. Adolphus, however, had no such an easy time with McDonough, but he finally won on the nineteenth when he holed out from a trap. This put him in the finals against Poison. This match was to be played on the next day.

The day for the match dawned bright and clear. A large gallery was on hand, but everyone seemed to feel that it was only a matter of time until Adolphus should march off with the trophy. Adolphus was first on the tee, a tall, flat muscled man of forty. Poison looked pitifully young and inexperienced beside him. Adolphus won the toss, and was the first to drive. He poled out a long ball that cleared the cross bunker, and rolled along the fairway before it came to a stop about 275 yards from the tee. Poison stepped forward amid a painful silence and teed up his ball. He stepped up, took his stance, and hit a drive that was about twenty yards short of Adolphus' ball.

Both had their second shots on the green and took two putts. The match was all square going on the second hole.

Adolphus hit another good drive, but Poison was caught in the bunker at the left of the fairway. He took his niblick and tested the lie by pressing the club down on the sand in back of the ball.

"I claim the hole," said Adolphus, reading from the rule-book. "No club may be grounded in a sand trap: See Section 6 of Rule 7."

For a minute I thought Poison was going to hit him, but he merely grunted and picked up his ball. However, I noticed a light in his eyes that had not been there before. The loss of this hole made him one down to Adolphus. They proceeded to the third tee and drove. Adolphus halved the hole with a lucky putt. The match seesawed back and forth until the sixteenth. On this hole Adolphus hooked his drive into the woods and was unable to find his ball, while Poison had a birdie 3 to win the hole. They finally arrived at the eighteenth tee—all even. The gallery had been greatly augmented, and Poison was in his element, right in the spotlight, with plenty of opportunity to show off. Our eighteenth is a dog leg. It is laid out so that the green cannot be seen from the tee. To play it safe, the drive must reach the bend in the leg. Thus, it takes three shots to reach the green. If the shot is off line it will catch the worst hazard imaginable.

Adolphus hit a good drive, which left him in such a position that he was sure to get on in three. Poison decided to try the risky shot over the bend. If it worked he could get home in two, but if it didn't he would be caught in the barren wastes of "No Man's Land," the

stretch of sand and weeds which lay there. He hit the ball, and for a minute I thought it was going to clear, but it didn't have enough carry, so it landed in the trap.

When we got there we found the ball living in a fairly good spot, but it was all soft sand.

The little redhead refused to be licked, however. He sat for five minutes studying the lie, and then drew out a wooden club. This looked like a mistake, but everyone remained silent. Poison waggled the clubhead back and forth a couple of times, set his feet, and then swung with every ounce of strength he possessed. I heard a sharp

click, say tiny feather of sand spurt up into the air, and against the blue sky I caught a glimpse of a soaring white speck which went up and up until I lost it altogether. Then I looked at the distant green and there was the ball, a foot from the cup!

Adolphus, the iron man, cracked on perceiving this miracle shot. He dubbed his shots and finally took a six for the hole. The W. O'Malley O'Halloran Trophy was ours permanently. Soon after this Adolphus resigned from the club.

And that, my friends, is the story of how one Poison became an antidote for another.

Reel Facts

By SIMON L. KATZ

The American public has become increasingly critical of books, authors and actors. Evidence to the effect that such is the case is apparent in the recent and widespread demand for better films. Today, thanks to the consideration that has been accorded our masterpieces of literature, the best directors, technicians, scenario writers, photographers, and what-have-you are working co-operatively to the end that better films may be produced.

Because most students have but little time for the movies, and because so many films are being released, it is necessary that the student choose wisely films which he sees if he is desirous of real benefits. As this column is devoted to the films of interest to the high school student only, I will comment on the following:

A Tale of Two Cities, M-G-M, is a brilliant picturization of Charles Dickens' thrilling book of the French guillotine days. Our favorite characters, notably Ronald Colman's role

as Sydney Carton, flash right by us upon the silver sheet from their long hiding places in the pages of this literary masterpiece. If Dickens of the Victorian Age would be alive in Hollywood today, he probably would be the highest paid scenario-writer there. Remember the picturization of his *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist*, *Great Expectations*, *Mystery of Edwin Drood*? I hear that Freddy Bartholemew will take the star role in the re-filming of *Oliver Twist* opposite Lionel Barrymore, as will also W. C. Field in "Pickwick Papers."

A Midsummer Night's Dream (W. B.) is a remarkable production of a Shakespearean play. For the first time we get the complete and original text of the great master of English literature. It features the music by Mendelssohn, the artistic direction of Reinhardt, gigantic background, and marvelously grotesque make-ups. It creates a new day in the cinema world, as did Grace Moore's first operatic movie-tone.

The Crusades (Paramount)—A Cecil B. DeMille film presenting the chivalrous days of Richard Coeur-De-Lion. *Quentin Durward* and *Ivanhoe*, by Scott, are good supplementary reading for this picture. Lovers of history (medieval age) will take it even better than DeMille's picture of the ancient Roma nera, "Sign of the Cross."

Call of the Wild (20th Century-Fox)—This is a filming of Jack London's famous adventure story of the Alaskan gold-mines. Adventure lovers will enjoy the famous picture; the feminine folks will enjoy Gable. Buck, the canine hero, runs away with first honors.

Last Day's of Pompeii (R-K-O)—

Supposedly the picturization of the famous Bulwer-Lytton epic of Roman days. The authentic trend of the original novel is omitted, as it was in the case of *Becky Sharp*, the all-color filming of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. This is a good picture, but it is not true to the original story.

Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)—This films the triumph of the Metropolitan Opera in New York. It presents against a colorful background the great voice of Lawrence Tibbett. The "Toreador's Song" from Bizet's *Carmen* is something none of us can afford to miss. Lovers of good music should not fail to enjoy this delightful musical extravaganza.

A MEMORY

By James Lee McHenry

The rain drops that slant down the lanes of
green Kerry,

The tide-pools that swirl o'er rocks the
Reach,

The mist-banks veil dim coasts of far
Galway,

Where curiaghs and seaweed are piled on
the beach.

The salmon still swim in the stream of the
Shannon

And leap with a gleam the falls white-
watered span;

The blackbirds still lilt in the hedges of
Wicklow

Like a flute in the lips of an old music
man.

The rippling green ivy that glints in the
sunshine,

Its green hands are covering grey castle
walls,

The purple-belled heather, the snow-like
bog-myrtle

And brackens and moss with the green
shamrock small;

The sluggish brown Liffey that wanders
down Dublin

And creeps like an eel neath the busy
Court Quav,

Where sea swells dip slowly above the old
buildings.

Then soar to the call of the green Irish
Sea.

The weed freighted waves rolling from the
Atlantic.

The brown sails of hookers from North
Donegal,

The salt smell of fish stacked in rocky Lar-
Connaught,

The reek of brown peat smoke, best
memory of all;

O Erin, my own land, 'tis years since I've
left you—

I'm sick for a sight of old Galway again,
The lanes of the country, the Shannon's
green swirling,

The wails of the pipes, and the fall of
the rain.

GLORY

By Alvin D. Zalinger

He listened to the speeches bold,
Pure "tommyrot" of days of old,
He heard the bugle's blaring cry,
Saw glist'ning uniforms go by;

And down on him in fiercest gale
Broke flaming song and stirring tale,
Which bore him from his native shore
To unknown lands and bloody war.

And there across the ocean wide,
He stood and swayed with manly pride,
'Til he walked hand in hand with death,
Had felt his comrade's dying breath.

Saw Slaughter go unchecked and free
In each stained field and gory lea.
He heard the moans and cries of pain
Joined with the silence of the slain.

And all of this so ghastly near,
Reality and truth dawned clear.
He had gone out and fought a foe,
An enemy he did not know.

The Eleventh Hour

Bleak November—a chill wind carried the sound of distant guns mingled with the snarling bursts of Maxim and Browning. An occasional lull only intensified the silence by comparison. In the twisted, muddy trenches small groups of white-faced, war-torn men whispered excitedly. Boys, prematurely old, stood unbelieving with cynical eyes; though a common thought was in each mind.

Death—the misty spectre, was whipping calloused minds with its lash of fears insidious poison. Nerves, sharpened to the breaking point by the horror of scientific murder, were quivering in tensed bodies. The metallic “whang” of exploding shrapnel sent men to the ground clutching the earth with stark, clawlike fingers; twitching bodies were lost in swirling mists of smoke. Helpless fury tore dry racking sobs from burning throats. Fevered, sleepless eyes scanned a front of lifeless earth and stumps grotesquely twisted.

Ears, tuned to the high pitched whine and throbbing roar of high explosive, strained to catch each foreign sound. Overburdened minds taxed by waiting, had reached the climax of endurance.

They must not wait in vain.

Far back of the front lines a heavy touring car of the Imperial Army careened through Allied Territory, a white flag cracked stiffly in the breeze. Grim faced men in Prussian grey roared behind an escort of sky blue and olive drab. The sullen roar of distant gunfire mocked their shattered hopes. The car lurched to a

stop beside a small French pullman car standing on an unused siding. Met by an equally grim faced group, stiff-boned and muttered formalities were exchanged. In a tense silence they proceeded into the car.

In that humble railway car, some of the greatest military minds in history convened to decide the fate of their countrymen. The High German Command had faced the Allied armies of the world—and lost. In that car was decided the fate of the greatest war the world has ever known.

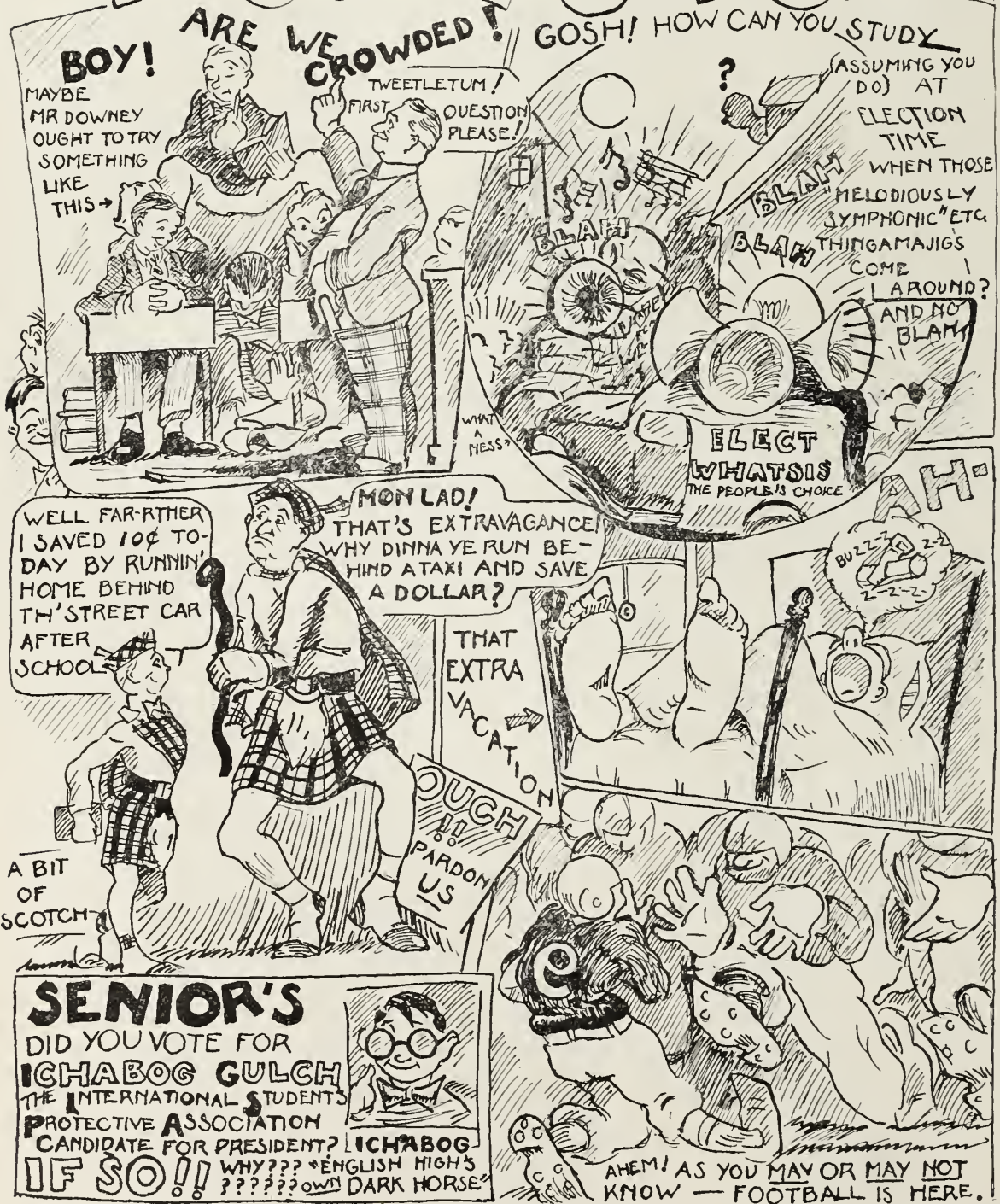
Wild rumors swept the front, “The Armistice has been signed!” “The Central Powers are massing for a last great offensive!” The last seemed more likely. From the dawn of Nov. 11, 1918, to eleven o’clock of that day, every man lived a lifetime of uncertainty as the last terrific artillery offensive of the Imperial Army swept the Allied Front. A moving sheet of flame and steel blasted everything it touched. Time was eternity. Death ruled supreme.

At eleven o’clock of that same day a wild-eyed telegrapher pounded his keys with trembling fingers. Orders were shouted; uproar broke well ordered routine: nerves too highly strung gave way to hysteria; tears streaked mud stained faces. Men cried, laughed, swore, prayed and dreamed of home.

“Cease firing—The Armistice is signed!” The news transformed a war weary world into an hysterical pageant of joy and thanksgiving. It came as a fitting climax to that last terrible morning.

MURMURS

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37 A MEMBER
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(SEE BELOW)



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????? own DARK HORSE?

Beauty and The Beast

WILLIAM B. SEINIGER, '36

Seven o'clock sounded from the ivy-mantled tower of Merideth Hall. A student bearing the ear marks of a senior bounded up the stairs, knocked at one of the oak doors, and burst hurriedly into the room.

"Hey, Bill," yelled the student, "Howzaboy?"

"Busy," was the terse reply, "Shut the door from the outside."

The recipient of this remark sent a well aimed pillow towards the speaker, but his intended victim ducked and the pillow struck the wall, knocking King Henry VIII to the floor with a crash. Bill sat at his desk rapt in thought. He wanted to go to the Athletic Dance to be held that evening, but at the last minute he found himself without a girl to escort, his own girl having gone to visit her aunt. Suddenly he reached for the phone. He dialed a number and sat back to await results. His efforts were rewarded by the sound of a sweet feminine voice in his ear.

"Hello, said Bill," "Is that you Ruth" Much babbling and squawking could be heard over the phone, which indicated that it was Ruth. "Listen said Bill," "Can you dig me up a girl friend to take to the dance?" More squawking could be heard over the phone and Bill hung up as a grin of pleasure lit up his face. "Funny she was so darn obliging and nice about it," thought he, "Gosh, I was afraid she might be a little sore about the time I spilt coffee on her dress so that she couldn't go to the Frat Dance with Bob Henderson." Humming loudly, Bill dashed around the room as he dressed himself.

One hour later a head popped in the door of Bill's room, informed him that a girl was waiting for him downstairs in the Frat room, and popped out again. Bill gave his tie a final pat, his hair a final combing and made a dash for the stairway. After reaching the first landing in nothing flat, he slowed to a proper walk and entered the parlor as any nonchalantly senior should. There he stood amazed. Edna, the "blind date," stood resplendent in a bright (too bright) red dress, red pumps, freckles, and horn-rimmed glasses. She must have tipped the scales at 200 pounds anyway (tipped is right).

"Well, said Ruth, here's Edna." "What do you think of her?"

"Ooh," groaned Bill as he sat weakly on the arm of a chair, "Death takes a Holiday."

Nine o'clock found the college group entering the dance hall. The syncopation of the dance orchestra jarred on Bill's tortured nerves. Edna seized his arm with a joyful giggle as he glanced around in desperation for some means of escape. To make matters worse, his eyes fell on the prettiest girl he had ever seen, a lovely blonde with sparkling blue eyes. Horror of horrors! She was with Fats Hunter. Fatty, with his horn-rimmed glasses, would have been a perfect match for the "blind date." Once more he glanced at the lovely girl and noted that she didn't seem to be enjoying herself either. With a sigh he came back to earth or rather back to Edna.

Grimly he stepped on Edna's toe, but undaunted by this, she stepped right

back on his. The dance ended and they moved to the side of the hall. Suddenly an idea flashed through his mind. Chuckling to himself, he managed to manœuvre the two heavyweights together and introduced them to each other. Incidentally he gathered enough courage to introduce himself to the blonde object of his affections. As he had anticipated, the two glass-adorned partners puffed and sweated and mopped their brows from the heat of the ball. Finally they both removed their glasses to moisten and wipe them. Laying hold of the two pairs of spectacles with a pretense of helping the owners, he deftly switched them and handed them back.

Things began to happen swiftly. Edna started to pull Bill back onto the dance floor for the next dance, but she collided abruptly with an ornate pillar and after begging its pardon knocked over a palm shrub. Fats had rather shakily reached the other side of the dance floor. He made for the punch bowl, and taking up the dipper, ladled the punch onto the table cloth. Beads of sweat stood on his forehead. As he wavered towards one door, Edna complained of feeling strange and retired to the balcony. Out on the dance floor Bill whispered something into the little blonde's ear and they both laughed into each other's eyes.

Quipping and Cracking

By John V. Murphy

The pest who used to read aloud the titles of a movie in the silent days is the same person who rattles cellophane wrappers during a talkie.

During the depression a shine on the pants has been more common than a shine on the shoes.

After riding in one of those new steamlined automobiles, we noticed that this year's pedestrians are faster than last year's.

One of the Seniors, while stopping, last summer, in one of those hamlets where the general store is made conspicuous by an army of lounging characters, queried of one of these idlers, half humorously:

"I suppose the whole town turns out to see the train come in?"

Cocking an appraising eye at the stranger the semi-ancient moved his chew over to the other cheek, spat in the dust and retorted:

"What train?"

Often times, finding the height of a complicated geometric figure is the height of despair.

A chemical change, according to the definition, is a change in which a substance loses the characteristics by which we recognize it and is converted into a new substance with new characteristics.

When one of the C4 lads was asked for a chemical change that occurs in the kitchen he answered:

"Everything turns to hash."

* * *

A teacher in geology asked Mack to bring in a classification of stones. This is what the teacher received:

"Architect"—Corner stone.

"Politician"—Blarney stone.

"Borrower"—Tonchstone.

"Married Man"—Millstone

"Motorist"—Miletone.

"Pedestrian"—Tombstone.

* * *

This note was given to a teacher:

Dear Sir—Please excuse Willie, as he has swellings in his throat and the doctor says it's a "Gathering of the Clans."

One Man Saved

By GEORGE KAPLAN, 107

The night shift had just come on duty when suddenly there was a loud, earth-shaking roar, as if the world had burst apart. The lights flickered slowly and then went out. The drip, drip, drip of water and the shrieks and cries of injured and dying men was all that could be heard. Then as a lantern was lit there was a babble of frightened voices. Panic-stricken men started to curse, others to pray, others were calm with the quiet that only fear can bring.

Bob Richards had gone to work that night a sick man. With leaden feet he had dragged himself to the caisson, for times were hard and money scarce. He had been examined by the company doctor, but had been told nothing except to take a certain medicine. Bob had been in the back of the caisson and it had been he who had lighted the lantern.

"What happened?" Colton, the foreman of the crew asked in a quivering voice which he was trying hard to control. "The tunnel has collapsed, and if we don't get out soon we'll be drowned," Bob answered steadily.

Meanwhile they could hear the moaning of the injured and the deadly trickle of water. After checking the men it was found that only thirteen men were alive and uninjured. The doomed men sat together trying to calm themselves and to think of a way to get out of their death-trap.

"The emergency door!" Corrigan, the red-headed Irishman, suddenly shouted with elation. Colton rushed over, closely followed by the rest of the men, and jerked open the door. A wave of water struck them with full

force, and before the door could be closed, the hole was filled with water up to their knees. Colton slowly turned and went wearily back to his seat. The men looked at each other with nothing but despair in their faces.

"Is there no hope at all?" Richards asked the foreman.

"There is a chance, a slight one, for one man to escape through the safety door; but it means death for the rest of us. It's better that one should get out than all perish; we could draw lots and the winner could try to escape. Well, give me the cards, Tony.

After a bit of discussion everyone agreed to let the cards decide. A deck of cards which the night crew had been using was found. All but the thirteen spades were thrown away.

"The ace of spades win," Colton said wearily and the others nodded agreement.

As they clustered round to take their chance in the flickering rays of the lantern, the ghastly whiteness of the men's faces could be seen. Beads of sweat stood out on some, while others were deathly pale. With trembling hands Bob turned over his card and looked at it dully for a few moments before realizing he had won. In the ghastly silence a few men feverishly prayed, while others stupidly cursed. Others sat despairingly; wondering, hoping, praying. Then Richards broke the silence by standing up and going to the door. "So long, fellows," he said with a catch in his voice as the others clustered near to try to get out after him.

He pulled open the door and flung himself through before it was too late.

As he battled bravely to reach the surface it seemed as if his lungs would burst and that he would never breathe again. His life passed in review before him as he struggled desperately. How differently would he spend it were it his to live once more! No longer did he struggle; for the will to live was gone, his throat was on fire, his lungs were in the last stages of collapse. Death, even the horrible death of the caisson, was preferable to the tortures of strangulation which were his. But no, he did not want to die! He wanted to live, to smell the cool, sweet air, to enjoy life to the fullest measure. Determined to live, he drove his quivering body to the surface in a last surge. His agonized senses stand no more; numbed was all thought and feeling in the twilight of consciousness.

But dimly did he perceive the figure of the rescue party working tirelessly above his wracked and broken body. As if from afar he heard the familiar voice of the company doctor.

"Life's a funny proposition after all," was the trite remark of the physician. "The men we would save we cannot and those we can are often scarcely worth the effort. Of all the men in the caisson, Richards was the only one to escape. This morning he was in my office for examination. He has an incurable disease and but a month to live. Little did he realize when he made this great struggle for life that he was doomed anyway."

Once more the shadows gathered round the shattered form of Richards. This time forever.

Angel

The stillness of the night air in a barren section of northern Canada was broken suddenly by a savage, long-drawn howl. Pierre Beaupre, comfortably settled in his tiny log-cabin, muttered a prayer and crossed himself. He had heard that same howl for two weeks at precisely the same hour coming from the same direction.

Pierre Beaupre was a giant of a man standing six feet four in his stocking feet and weighing two hundred pounds. . . . The men at the Beauvais Trapping Post said that he feared neither man nor beast.

While Pierre sat in thought, the shadowy outline of an animal that was too big to be a wolf, appeared on a high cliff overlooking the valley wherein lay Pierre's cabin. It howled again into the chill wind, then slowly turned and walked majestically into the deepening darkness.

Pierre, a superstitious man by nature, upon hearing the howl, was frightened. He prayed that it might be anything but the "Loup Garou." The French Canadians had long believed that this animal was a monstrous beast which carried souls off into a land far worse than hell.

As Pierre travelled his trap line for the remainder of that week, he often caught a fleeting glimpse of the huge animal trailing him. The beast was the largest he had ever seen outside of moose and deer, and so his superstitious nature led him to believe that the horrible demon of an unknown world was awaiting its chance to seize him.

One afternoon as the sun was setting, a pack of Arctic wolves descended into Pierre's valley in search of food. The pack soon found Pierre's cabin, and circled hungrily about all night.

waiting for a chance to enter and kill. With the approach of dawn it disappeared into the forest.

Pierre, after finishing a hearty breakfast, started to travel his trap line. His first trap contained nothing, but in the second he found the mutilated remains of a beautiful silver fox. Pierre, cursing the wolves soundly, continued from trap to trap, finding but torn fragments of valuable pelts.

As the day wore on Pierre traveled to a distant trap line and there found a few pelts undamaged. He started back at a fast pace, hoping that nightfall would not find him in the woods at any distance from his cabin. He hummed a song as he traveled over the frozen wastes. Suddenly his song was interrupted, and he pitched forward on his face. He had caught his snowshoes on a rock hidden in the snow. He drew himself painfully to a sitting position and grasped his ankle with his hands in a vain effort to lessen the pain. His ankle was broken.

Night advanced swiftly with its darkening shadows and the terrifying cry of the great white wolves fell upon his ears. Helplessly he grasped his rifle and listened to the pack sounding its hunting cry as it drew closer and closer. On a small hillock a few hundred feet away stood the great mysterious beast which had been following him of late, haunting his every night's rest. It watched the drama being enacted below.

The wolves broke into the clearing with teeth bared and swung into their circle of death. They drew nearer and nearer to the now exhausted Pierre. With eyes blurred and pain wracking his every nerve, his shooting was not what it would have been ordinarily. He grew weaker and weaker as time passed, suddenly collapsing into a pitiful bundle of humanity. He waited

helplessly for the savage beasts to attack.

Suddenly a snarling roar louder than the rest broke upon his ears. Startled, he looked up to see the gigantic black animal, the "loup garou" of his fears, leaping into the centre of the great pack of wolves. It snarled viciously into their midst like an avenging angel. It bit and slashed, ripped and tore, dodged and turned, again and again dragging the wolves away from Pierre. Pierre's courage returned. Once again he reached for his rifle, and taking careful aim, began to pick off the wolves that had escaped the "loup garou." Suddenly the pack disheartened by the terrific fight that this great black animal was waging, turned and disappeared into the forest.

Pierre suddenly realized that he owed his deliverance to this great black beast whose howl had heretofore terrified him. Had it saved him only to carry his soul away into the world beyond—that horrible, fiendish world of his superstition and dread? He raised his rifle, preparatory to sending a bullet through the brain of this fighting beast. But no, he realized that it would be quite impossible for him to send so noble an animal to its death. He checked the impulse to shoot, and a moment later was amazed to see this great, huge beast crawling over the hard packed snow on its belly toward him, its tail wagging in friendly fashion as it approached. Never had Pierre seen such loneliness reflected from the eyes of an animal. It moved him deeply. Wasn't loneliness a certain something that both had in common? With soothing words he coaxed the big brute to his side. His hands patted the great head, and right then and there he named his rescuer "Angel."

With the aid of "Angel," he finally

made his cabin; but how was he to reach help? His eyes wandered about the cabin and rested on the toboggan on which he carried his heavy traps. He fashioned a harness for "Angel." Three hours later he was safely tucked away in the warm cabin of the neighboring prospectors. For many days he lay there recuperating from the after effects of his injury. Often he heard a cry that was neither one of despair, nor of loneliness; and looking through the cabin window he saw the shadowy outline of "Angel" high up on a neighboring cliff.

One of the trappers on his return from the trading post told Pierre a strange story. Recently a gambler, who was notoriously cruel to animals, had brought a huge dog into the

Canadian wilderness to enter him in the dog fights which were popular at the time. The dog had been sired by the most vicious fighting dog in America, an enormous Great Dane, and his mother had been a clever collie, noted for her speed and brains. This combination had given the dog everything it takes to survive the fierce struggle for life in the North Country. Recently the gambler had attempted to whip "Angel" because he would not fight at his instigation and as a result had been literally torn to bits. Following the gambler's death the dog had disappeared.

Thus did Pierre become acquainted with the previous history of the dog who was thereafter his greatest friend.

MAJOR PIERPONT

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS (?)



MAJOR PIERPONT

THE NUT SHOP



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Expedition

By CHARLES V. HAAS, '36

Monday morning dawned on one of the foggiest days in the history of the month, October. Giant waves tossed the freighter S. S. Atlantic about like a chip of wood. At frequent intervals the forghorn wailed dismally through the fog.

On the bridge stood three men. One was the captain of the vessel, while the other two were members of the Peruvian expedition, the purpose of which was to discover (if possible) what lay in the great unexplored region beyond the Andes Mountains. They were well on their way now, but bad luck had seemed to accompany them from the start of their voyage. A broken piston while in New York had caused them nearly a week's delay, then five days of rain delayed them further. Now, with their long sought goal only twenty-four hours away, a heavy fog had descended, with every indication of remaining. Professor Forgan, head of the expedition, stood on the bridge with the captain and one of his pilots, Gil Johnson.

Putting his lips close to the professor's ear, Gil shouted: "I'm going down to the hold to see if our equipment is okay!"

The aged professor nodded his assent, and the young pilot clambered down the slippery iron ladder. Five minutes of floundering along the glassy deck brought him to the hatchway leading to the hold. When the youth was about halfway down the stairs, a sudden lurch of the ship threw him off balance, and he sprawled full length on the floor. Gathering himself up, he made his way aft, where were stored the two huge trimotors of the expedition, together with the rest of

the necessary supplies. The two planes, completely dismantled, lay securely lashed down in specially built racks on the floor of the hold. The trimotors were of all-metal construction. The fuselages were below deck, but because of their immense size, the wings were above, tightly fastened and protected from inclement weather. In a far corner was the aerial camera, also films, foodstuffs, guns and ammunition, and other paraphernalia. Making sure that everything was all ship-shape, Gil emerged, closed the hatch cover, then returned to the bridge, where he made his report to the professor. From there he retired to his own cabin, which he shared with two other members of the party, Captain Howell, official cameraman, and Herb Masters, mechanic. They glanced up from a game of pinochle as Gil entered.

"Want to join the game?" they asked as he entered.

"No thanks," he responded, as he brought out a pack of cigarettes and offered them to his associates. "I'm going back on deck for a spell."

"Then we'll go along with you," said the two, reaching for hats and coats.

Once more Gil stepped to the deck, this time accompanied by his two comrades. Making their way along the deck was a tedious task, as the fog was so thick it was almost impossible to see around them. It was because of this that no one saw Johnny Forgan materialize out of the mist to collide with Gil. Johnny Forgan was the professor's son and the "thorn in the side" of the entire party. Being Professor Forgan's boy was a boon to his arrogant nature. He loved to give orders, but despised taking any. However, if

he maintained his present attitude, it was a well known fact among the remaining members that he was heading straight for disaster.

"Why don't you look where you're going!" he snarled as he pushed Gil away.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Gil knocking the other boy's hand to his side.

"Why you——" sputtered the boy, reddening, "I'll——"

"What?" Gil's gray eyes began to light up.

"Nothing," came the response. Johnny's hand dropped and he spun on his heel.

"I'm afraid we're going to have trouble with him," murmured Captain Howell.

The following night, the great ship docked, and the task of unloading began. The planes, food and supplies were moved by donkey carts to a huge nearby field, just on the outskirts of a small native village, and a final checkup taken. After this the assembling of the planes began. It took nearly two weeks of hard work by all hands except Johnny Forgan, after which the ships were proven satisfactory for flight. The test hops were taken by Gil and Hal Forrest, the one other pilot of the expedition.

On a bright and hot Saturday morning, with all equipment and personnel aboard, lifted their heavy hulks and pointed their noses toward the Andes mountains. When halfway across Peru, they halted at a tiny village, took on more gas and food to replace the ones they had used, and continued on their course. In one of the planes were Gil, the professor, and the captain. In the other were assigned Hal, Johnny Forgan and Herb. Within a short while they arrived at the foothills of the

Andes, then turned to follow them northward. It wasn't till the following Wednesday that the professor sighted their goal. It was a massive mountain, with the top looking as if a giant had sliced off the top with a huge bread-knife.

"The crater of an extinct volcano," explained Professor Forgan, "It betokens the land of forty volcanoes! We are entering territory where no white man has ever been before!" Suddenly Gil's plane slanted downward.

"What's wrong?" cried the professor.

"The motor on the port side isn't working as it should," came the answer. "We must stay here the remainder of the day."

"No, no!" almost screamed Professor Forgan, "We must go on! Everything depends on it!"

"I'm in command of the flying part of this expedition! We're staying here!" With the guiding hand of an expert, Gil brought his plane to rest on the burning sands, and clambered out. A short distance away the other big trimotor was just coming to earth, and as it stopped, Hal and Herb leaped to the sand, followed lazily by Johnny Forgan. In answer to their questions, Gil explained.

"But surely the prof doesn't want to keep on with a bum engine?" said Hal.

"Uh-huh!"

"Is the motor really in such bad condition?" whispered Herb. Gil made a sign for silence, then glanced over his shoulder to see that no one was in hearing radius. He did not notice Johnny lurking in the shadow of a huge wing.

"No," he answered, "but you know what's liable to happen in this sort of country. We might be able to reach our objective, and then.——" His unfinished sentence left no doubt as to

what was in his mind. His two friends nodded their understanding. Herb made a motion to be still and hoarsely whispered, "The professor!"

"May I speak to you a minute Gil?" came the voice of Professor Forgan as he came up to the trio. He motioned for the other two to leave.

"I'm sorry to have lost my temper a few moments ago. I was over-zealous to be first to discover just what is inside this circle of mountains. You see there is a rival expedition out after the same particular glory, headed by Doctor Anderson. You have heard of him?"

"Yes sir. He's a famous scientist is he not?"

"Exactly. Although I do not approve of his methods, I must come in contact with him because of our research work. I am almost certain I saw one of his associates back in the little village where we halted for gas. Do you understand now the necessity for speed?"

"Yes sir, Professor, and you can count on us! We'll move out of here by dawn! Herb! Get to work on that power plant!"

Herb and Gil worked feverishly all night to repair the engine. Dirt in the butterfly valve of the carburetor was found to be the trouble, which was remedied before the morning sun began to peep over the mountains. Both boys were exhausted, but happy in the thought that their work had been well done.

About ten o'clock the next morning, the two planes rose in to the air.

"We ought to sight our last landing place about noon," said Professor Forgan as he indicated a spot on the map. "From here we must walk about fifty miles more until we sight that for which I am searching." At approxi-

mately twelve noon, the two big planes swept to earth at the scheduled spot.

"We shall have lunch now, and then leave on our long hike after," directed the professor. Lunch served, they started out. In the party were Gil, Professor Forgan, his son, and Captain Howell, as it was arranged that Hal and Herb would stay to guard the planes.

On the third day a sight struck their eyes that seemed to cause a sudden sinking of the heart to the boots, and a hollow feeling in the pit of the stomach, for resting quietly on the sands to the north were two airplanes, drawn up side by side!

Professor Forgan stood still and stared.

"Dr. Anderson," he muttered hoarsely, "he has beaten me!" Then suddenly came another surprise. Johnny Forgan strode up to Gil and began to shake his fist in the boy's face.

"This is your doing!" he screamed, "If you hadn't wanted to stop and fix an engine that had nothing wrong with it anyway, we would have reached our objective by now! You're in the pay of that man down there!" He flung out his hand towards the two planes in the valley. The old professor turned at these words.

"He lied to you father," shouted Johnny, "I heard him tell Herb Masters so!"

"Is this true Johnson?" demanded the professor.

"Yes sir, but——."

"No further explanation is needed Johnson. When we again reach civilization, I will have no further need of your services." He spun on his heel and began to depart, but the clear voice of Captain Howell arrested him in his stride.

"Professor Forgan! If you discharge

Gil, I shall be forced to leave with him!" In surprise, Professor Forgan turned.

"Wh—why Howell. You, my best friend. The man who aided me in organizing this project. Are you jesting? Protecting the man who has thwarted all my plans? What's the meaning of it all?"

"Just what I said. You fire Gil and you also lose me!" The old professor sighed.

"Very well, Gil stays. Let us go down to meet our rivals."

They descended the slope. As they neared the two planes, two men arose from the shadow of the wings and advanced.

"Don't let them pump you," cautioned the professor. Then he turned to the two men.

"I am Professor Forgan. Where is Dr. Anderson?"

"He's gone. Left for the mountains," one of the men answered abruptly. At these words, Gil's heart sank. If all the professor's plans failed he would surely be in part to blame. Professor Forgan mumbled a low "thank you" and turned away. Leaving the doctor's camp behind, they struck out once more.

Three more days of hiking brought them to their destination, which was a huge extinct volcano. Halfway up the slope of this mountain, Professor Forgan maintained that the Incas had built a city of untold wealth, to use as a refuge should their country ever be attacked. It seemed, however, that the city was never inhabited because of its having been built on the side of a volcano. The fact that the volcano was dead made no difference to the Incas. They had shunned the palatial city as they would a plague.

And now the party had sighted it!

Sparkling gold and silver towers ornamented with every imaginable type of gem! Truly it was an awe-inspiring sight, and our friends gasped as they stood still and stared.

"I don't see any evidence of the doctor's party," said Captain Howell as they began to ascend the incline.

"Perhaps we aren't too late after all," ventured Gil.

"I hope not," murmured the professor.

Three hours later as they were examining the old city, Professor Forgan began to regain his spirits. He felt confident that they had beaten Doctor Anderson. Suddenly his spirits were dashed as Johnny, who had been examining an old citadel, came running up the street crying:

"Father! Father! Here comes Dr. Alexander Anderson and his party! The professor's face blanched.

"Do you think he was here before us?" he questioned the captain.

"I don't know, we'll just have to wait and see."

"Let's go out and meet them," suggested Gil. As they appeared in the old street, Doctor Anderson, a dissipated looking individual, strode toward them.

"How long have you been here? Don't you know that all this is mine by the right of discovery? I shall have to ask you to leave."

"How long have you been here?" demanded Professor Forgan.

"Two hours," came the quick retort. "I asked you a question. Please answer!"

"Well," said Professor Forgan. "We've been here four hours!" Dr. Anderson's lip curled. It was the only thing he could do. The old professor had cornered him. Finally he again spoke.

"Very well, then. You refuse to give up this discovery"

"I do."

"Then we shall be forced to take it!" With these words he he motioned to the other members of his party. Instantly our friends were covered by three ugly rifles! At this move, Gil and Captain Howell started forward, but the professor motioned them back. He scowled at Dr. Anderson.

"In perfect keeping with the rest of your nature, Anderson," he snarled.

"We'll waive that," answered the man, "but please be so kind as to hand over all the data that you have collected."

"No." At this Dr. Anderson gave a sign to one of his men. Almost before they could resist, our friends found themselves tied and relieved of their papers.

"Ah, good, good," the doctor exclaimed as he poured over the documents. "Now I won't have to go to all the trouble of collecting this myself." He turned to his associates. "Make camp," he directed, "we shall leave in the morning!"

Morning dawned. Doctor Anderson and his party awoke.

"Well, my dear professor, how did you sleep? What's wrong? Why don't you answer?" He stopped short, and there was truly cause for astonishment, for lying on the ground were the ropes which bound our friends, but there was no sign of the prisoners! Suddenly the doctor clapped a hand to his pocket. All the documents he had stolen from Professor Forgan were gone! He leaped to his feet!

"We must pursue them at once! They could not have gone far! After them!" But the doctor was wrong. Professor Forgan's party was ten miles on its way.

"Did you get all of your papers, father?" asked Johnny as they hiked along over the sands.

"I think so," was the answer. "It was lucky that I found that sharp stone." This was how our friends had escaped from their captors. The professor had found a sharp stone with which he had cut through Gil's ropes, who had in turn freed Johnny and the captain. Several days of constant travelling finally brought them back to the spot where they had left Herb and Hal with the ships. Rapid explanations were made at once, and accordingly the equipment was loaded into the ships. Herb spun the propellers, and with cold motors the two big planes headed upward. They were just in time, for the moment the big trimotors left the ground, the two ships of Dr. Anderson appeared on the horizon!

With all the speed possible, Gil and Hal brought their planes off the ground and cut across in front of the enemy's planes, heading for the distant peaks of the Andes, barely visible in the distance. Captain Howell slipped into the seat beside Gil.

"Do you think we can beat them out?" he asked anxiously. Gil shrugged. On and on they flew, passing by the village where they had refueled. Dark skinned natives in the fields below waved their hands at the four scudding ships. To them nothing seemed radically wrong. But they did not know. Before long, they sighted the outlying mountain, seen on their way to the ancient city. But there was a change in the dead volcano. Flame, smoke and red hot lava bubbled from the bowels of the mountain. The heat almost seared our friends' flesh as they passed into the fountain of fire and acrid smoke. Captain Howell began to frenzily dig his motion picture camera from its case.

"This is too good to miss!" he shouted. He threw open a window and leaned out. They were right over the eruption now and he began to grind the machine. Everyone was so interested in the eruption of the volcano that no one noticed the twin flashes of fire dart from an open window in one of Dr. Anderson's planes.

"Be sure and get some good shots of this Howell," exclaimed Professor Forgan as he turned. Then he gave a shout. "HOWELL! HOWELL!" Captain Howell was leaning on his camera, body rolling gently to and fro with the motion of the plane. The professor went the length of the fuselage in two jumps just as the captain slid to the floor in a heap!

Meanwhile in the other plane Johnny and Herb, not knowing what was transpiring in the professor's ship, were keeping a close watch on the pursuing trimotors. Suddenly one of them seemed to buckle in the air. It slid off on one wing and plunged toward its sister. With a terrific rending of fabric and breaking of wood, the two huge planes came together! Locked in a death grip, they spun earthward, to crash on the hillside directly in the path of an oncoming stream of lava! In a few minutes it was over. Herb shuddered.

"Must be a terrible death," he thought. Then he glanced around. Gil's ship had drawn away and was now quite a distance ahead.

"Must be in a hurry," Herb muttered as he thrust the throttle forward.

As soon as the two planes could land the captain was transferred to a nearby hut of a native and a doctor called. Filled with apprehension, Herb, Hal and Johnny waited outside, while the professor conferred with the aged doctor on the captain's condition. Finally he stepped toward the group.

"He wants to see you all" he said quietly. They knew what it meant. Silently with doffed hats they filed into the gloom of the squalid little hut.

* * *

It was Monday morning. The freighter S. S. Merchant plowed through a perfectly calm sea. Two young men leaned over the rail, watching the green water swirl by.

"A lot different than the last Monday, isn't it?" murmured Hal slowly.

"We'll be home soon," answered Gil, as though he had not heard the question. At this moment Johnny Forgan joined them.

"Father wants you, Hal," he said slowly, "Herb is down there, too!" As Hal left, Johnny and Gil stood by the rail. Johnny ventured to speak.

"There's just one thing that will tell me I'm home," he said, "and we'll sight that soon." They did. It was the Statue of Liberty.

But Gil did not see it. He saw far beyond. Far beyond into a great white desert, the memory of which would be seared into his brain forever. For just behind a squalid little hut on that desert was a cross—a cross made of two pieces of a camera tripod.





Coach Ohrenberger, E. H. S.:

"Latin School always fields a well-coached, well-manned and high spirited football team. This is the type of opponent we expect to meet. A year ago this time we had a strong but over confident team. This year we have a strong team, but in the place of over-confidence we have determination. The co-operation of each boy on the squad has fortified us, and I feel that this Blue and Blue team will discharge itself admirably."



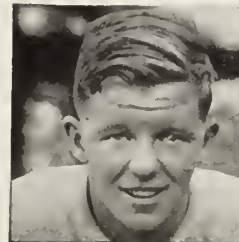
Coach Fitzgerald, B. L. S.:

"In English High School we have a powerful opponent. It is well coached and possesses players with a lot of natural ability. We hope to win this, our most important game. We have a good team and school spirit is running high. We expect a real game and will fight our hardest to emerge victorious."



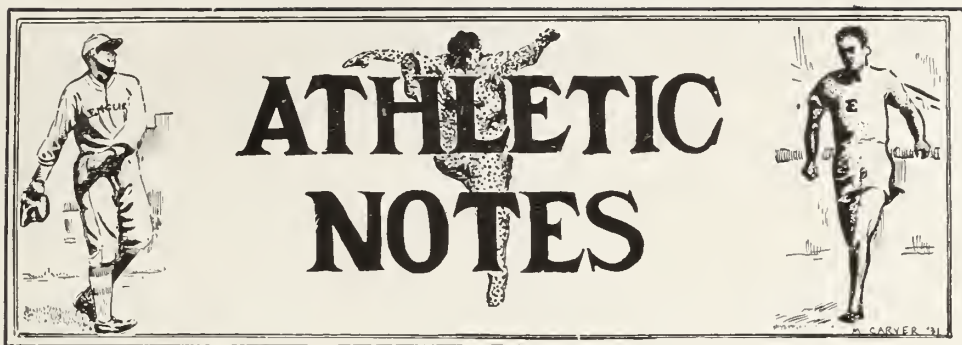
Captain McPhail, E. H. S.:

"The boys are keyed up to a point where they must win. We know we can win, but we are not over-confident. If team spirit means as much as it should and school spirit counts at all, English will win this football game. This game will be played with more determination and fight than any previous game the boys have ever played. We have a lot of respect for the Boston Latin team, but *we will win* this ball game."



Captain Tulley, B. L. S.:

"Yes, B. L. S. will win. We expect the toughest game we've ever played, but the boys know how much this means to those of us who are playing our last game for the school. Knowing this, I am sure we will outplay, out fight, and out spirit our opponents. This is our game. We intend to win."



Coach Ohrenberger assembled his big Blue and Blue squad Oct. 22 at Billings Field, West Roxbury, for their initial practice session. The spirit of E. H. S. was apparent in the action on the playing field of this optimistic horde of young gridiron warriors.

Our coach was presented with a most difficult task. Before him were 380 enthusiastic huskies willing to do bodily harm to each other and their opponents for the honor of representing English High School on the football field. These boys had to be uniformed, trained in fundamentals, taught to play football as it should be played, and placed according to merit. This, my friends, is not a simple task no matter how long it takes; but when you have only TWO WEEKS to do it in, then you have a JOB.

ENGLISH 13, GROTON 12

English High's grid machine entered its first game as the under dog, but upset the dope and a heavy Groton School team to win by the score of 13-12.

The smartly uniformed Blue and White wrecking crew, led by Captain "Red McPhail," took the field full of confidence and eager to bring home the bacon.

Our linemen tore holes in the Groton forward wall and made it possible for our Blue clad backs to ring up sub-

stantial gains. Their steady pounding away was rewarded, for soon the pigskin was resting on the Groton one-yard line. "Fritz" Leahy made the first tally. Mantos made the conversion with a placement. English 7, Groton 0.

Groton rallied to march from mid-field. Then they discovered the weakness in our pass defense and took to the air to score a touchdown. Krech to McClelland. Fortunately they failed to convert.—English 7, Groton 6.

In the third period the G-men started to mix them up, and by hammering the tackles and throwing spot passes advanced the ball through English territory to the eleven-yard line. Then while the Blue and Blue gridsters braced themselves to ward off a tackle play or one of those short deadly passes, Krech raced wide outside of his left end to score standing up. Our alert captain prevented a possible extra point.—Groton 12, English 7.

In the last quarter a fighting English team seemed headed for certain defeat. But two minutes were left to play, and the goal line like Sheridan was forty yards away.

Nothing but the spirit of the Blue and Blue can be credited for the skill and accuracy with which the next play was completed via the air, Leahy to Barry, to score and win.—English 13, Groton 12.

Stickles ran the opening kickoff to his own 44-yard line. B. C. failing to gain, kicked to the English 25. English kicked back to the B. C. H. 40. This punting duel kept up till the end of the game with neither team making much headway. Score: English 14, B. C. High 0.

THE LINE-UP

ENGLISH	B. C. HIGH
Barry, l.e.r.e., Tiernan
Daly, l.t.r.t., Connors
Costello, l.g.r.g., Hughes
Ryan, c.c., Clancy
Mantos, r.g.l.g., Salvodi
Daley, r.t.l.t., Eichorn
McPhail, r.e.l.e., Clark
T. Powers, q.b.q.b., Stickles
J. Powers, l.h.b.r.h.b., Fleming
F. Leahy, r.h.b.l.h.b., Collins
Ahearn, f.b.f.b., Flaherty

Score by periods:

English 14 0 0 0—14

Touchdowns—T. Powers, J. Powers. Point after touchdown—Mantos (placement), 2.

Substitutions—English: l.e., Degan; l.t., Gallagher; l.g., DiDeminico; c., Ready; r.g., Donovan; r.t., Torinsky; r.e., Olsen; q.b., Williams; l.h.b., Sullivan; r.h.b., Hagerty; f.b., Crowley. B. C. High: l.g., Hart; l.e., Leahy, Dacy; r.h.b., Anderson, McCarthy; l.h.b., Kane. Referee—Daly. Umpire—Murphy. Head Linesman—Toner. Time—4 9-minute periods.

Obstacles can be overcome.

Example: Red McPhail almost lost the use of his hand several years ago as a result of a serious accident. His hand was almost severed from his arm by a deep cut.

Today he is: Captain of the football team. Regular center-fielder of the baseball team. Star hockey player. Prominent track man. Congratulations Charlie!

A few nights ago at Billings Field, Moose Mantos kicked eleven straight placements between the goal posts before failing. We realize that there is a great difference between a real game and practice, but such a feat gives him confidence for later games.

Jim Cuff and Bill Holland, former members of English, are doing a good

job at B. C. Both are prominent members of the B. C. frosh team. Incidentally Jim has a brother with this year's Blue and Blue squad.

Joe Ahearn, captain of the basketball team and star back, might have been a star in track also, but he disliked the idea of running around in shorts. How about Glenn Cunningham, Joe?

Ducky Ryan, center, seldom sends back a poor pass that musses up the play. Ducky knows each play perfectly and the type of pass it requires. This will be his third year with the varsity in this capacity.

A good many English passes have been directed at McPhail this year. How that boy can snare them.

Joe Ahearn might well be called the Praying Halfback if we consider his peculiar crouch in the backfield. Joe has the proper stance, but our opponents do the praying.

We are fortunate in having two splendid guards. Moose Mantos kicks perfect placements, and Ed Costello punts a mean ball for considerable yardage.

Coach Ohrenberger has changed Jim Daley, the nephew of the former English coach, from end to tackle. Although Jim is a little light he shows promises.

Joe Zagarella, last year's end, assisted Coach Ohrenberger in getting the Blue and Blue squad into shape. In the brief time that the shortened season permitted, they've done a remarkable piece of work.

It is a pleasure to listen to the enthusiastic rooters in the drill hall. It would be a greater one to have that same evidence of school spirit transferred to the side lines of the playing field. Everybody up! On to Victory.

R. H. BLACKWELL, 102.



COMPLIMENTS OF THE BOSTON HERALD.

THOMAS POWERS ADDS PLENTY OF POWER
TO THE BLUE AND BLUE MACHINE

108 STEPHEN

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Etiquette

As a book of etiquette usually starts off with a chapter entitled "What To Do," ours will be so entitled.

Chapter I. What to Do

Coming to school, it is always best to take as much time as possible. This makes it absolutely necessary to dash the last fifty yards through the corridors (they're great to dash in) to get into your seat before the bell. That is a fine start. This dashing business always entails a certain amount of suspense because, on turning a corner, you might, just possibly, meet up with some bigger than yourself—or a teacher. (If it's a teacher read the chapter in our next issue entitled "What to Say" before dashing).

When the bell for the first period rings, put on a bored, lifeless expression and slouch out of the room. If you see a teacher you know, ignore him with studied carelessness or turn up or down the nearest staircase. (That usually works).

Another custom is to whistle shrilly in the corridors. This disturbs everyone but the whistler.

On coming into the classroom, slap your books down and slump into the seat, any seat (the teacher will change it anyway). It is usually a good idea to strike up an acquaintance with the

fellow next to you and mumble with him throughout the period. The teacher is usually a nervous wreck by then and no good for the rest of the day.

In the lunchroom pay little or no attention to the many waste paper containers, but desposit your papers on the floor, well scattered. The cleanup squad will sign up and give you a vacation from your next period, picking it up again.

Never try to find a place in the locker room where you can have a quiet smoke (you're too young anyway) because there's always a teacher there before you—not smoking—just waiting for you.

At the close of school dash to your locker. Leave all of your books there, but take home your briefcase, you'll need something to carry your lunch in the next morning. Then run for the nearest door.

If you've been so unfortunate as to Miss Captain Keller in your other running ventures, you're sure to meet him now. After being lectured about your track aspirations in a crowded building and told where to do your running, you are able to leave the school maybe!

If you are able to come out under your own power, you approach the car-

stop. Always remember, you may be out, but you carry tradition on your shoulders. Stick to form.

Stand in the middle of the crowd and when the car door opens, try to get in first—you may not, but try it anyway—it's fun—the first time. If everyone in the car is quiet, try to find some one at the other end of the car with whom you may converse. You will then be drowned out by the resulting confusion and it will not only be unnecessary but impossible to converse even in shonts, so you can then rest quietly.

Finally, when you arrive at home, tell Mom how many study periods you have to do home lessons in and get out still an E. H. S. man.

The second chapter in the next issue will give you inside information on "What to Say" and how to say it.

CLASSROOM BONERS

1. A proscription is something the doctor gives you when your sick.
2. A patroon is half a company.
3. An oscilator is something you ride on if you don't want to walk up stairs.
4. A pickaroon is a small tool which prospectors use.
5. Ramulose was the founder of Rome.
7. Isosceles was an ancient Greek hero.
8. Berylium was the first Roman chemist.

J. F. HOWARD, 107.

Teacher: "Michael if you do not improve your home work soon, I am afraid I will have to talk to your father."

Puil: "I guess you better. Maybe he'll do it right the next time."

* * *

Teacher: "What can a person sue for if a contract is broken."

Bright Student: "Breach of Promise."

ABIT NUTS

Ladies and gentlemen. . . I'm a little doubtful about the ladies, but gentlemen, anyway. This is station E. H. S. speaking direct from the "Record" office in Boston. . . You are now enjoying a few moments with Monsieur Abit Nuts, who sees nothing, knows nothing, and tells all. . . For the benefit of those who do not know it yet, school started on October 1 and is now in session. . . Much to our regret, many newcomers were lost in the lower regions of the building during the first few days. . . Thanks to the Lost and Found desk on the cross corridor they were found again. . . Bye the bye, the chaps that have been mistaking the room opposite 154 as an elevator have no doubt found out by this time that there is no such thing in our building. . . . I also wish to state at this moment that the lunch tables were made to eat on. Please refrain from using them as beds during study periods. . . I have been told that it is no longer healthy to enjoy class periods in the corridors. The cadet captains have been chosen, and have the situation well at hand. . . .

One teacher said that more math goes into an eraser than into many a pupil's head. . . There was much groaning and mumbling when the announcement was made that there was to be no more detention. . . Oh gee! groaned one: "The only chance I had to study and now it's gone." Shucks—be good or Abit Nuts will get you.

JACOB STEIN, '36.

Freshman: ("Going up to the professor)—Sir, I don't think I deserve this zero."

Professor: "I'm sorry, but that is the lowest mark we can give you."

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

Beside the dwindling flames of his camp-fire, Jack Kent sat thinking. His thoughts turned to all the things that had happened to him since that day only a few months before he when he had come down to Alabama from the North.

He had a cabin and five cleared acres. With fruit trees set out, a little garden of sprouts, cabbage, beets and onions, and the few cows and razorback hogs, he meant to go right ahead as though there had never been such a thing as a life of luxury.

Quail, wild turkey, deer and small black bear roamed the woods. Getting money for shells might be a trifle hard the first three years, until his citrus fruit proved marketable, but he would make out somehow. It was a chance to be his own boss, and almost self-sufficient. He had not been either, even when he had paid him \$5000 a year he had to.

Once a month he visited the nearest town for supplies of Citronelle. Returning, he usually carried a small sack of purchases; chiefly oats for the horse, and small things like stationery and razors he himself needed. He still had a little money, but it had a long way to stretch before there would be any more coming in.

The schoolboy who wrote the following had his facts, but he might have expressed himself differently.

In 1658 Milton married his second wife, and in the same year he began to write "Paradise Lost." Two years later his wife died. He afterwards wrote "Paradise Regained."

* * *

Son: "Daddy, who was Hamlet?"

"Daddy: Aren't you ashamed of your ignorance? Bring me the Bible and I'll show you."

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